

N THE

GERTRUDE DALLAS
IN "SINNERS"
AT THE PLAYHOUSE,



ERIK MENDEL IN
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his moral and intellectual character

istics, literature is the expression. It is the story of a man's life, his autobiography. I never meet a man who was keen to tell his own story? Did I ever talk with a man who would elaborate at your faintest show of interest on his school days, his marriage, the birth of his children, his operation for appendicitis? If he contributed to literature, and would he repress it? The individual who is taciturn on these personal themes is rare to find, and a mild and lowly sacrifice to attention to the man who must talk about them is the sure flattery.

If it be true that nature is as free and beautiful to-day as on the day called it good, if it be true that man was the last and noblest of His work

ty for Publication

Practically every adherent of the "votes for women" cause in this city has been present at the meeting. The laws of New York State are so construed that men have greater privileges than do the women. A time ago this condition was brought home to the members of the Woman's Suffrage Society by a letter from the East Thirty-fourth street, in which Miss Albertson is allied, through the operation of an alleged unfair trial against one of its members. The question has to do with the custody of a child, and the mother, who was given to the husband, was not allowed to see the child. It was not until notice to the wife. Considerable indignation was aroused in the past and among the developments was the writing of a dramatic playlet, "The Sketched Woman," by a well known woman dramatist.

The sketch was read by Miss Albertson, who saw the possibilities of spreading the gospel of votes for women in its presentation upon

in spite of all attempts to be realistic, some absurd conclusions are discovered from time to time. For instance, Edward Compton had played the role of *Charles Surface* in "The Rivals" in London for nearly a year before some one pointed out that on the wall of *Joseph Surface's* study there hung a splendid modern map of Australia, despite the fact that if Sheridan's days there could have been no map of Australia. Of course the map was removed at once.

"You have often heard the expression 'shooting his cuffs,' continue Mr. Kelgheley, apropos of nothing at all. 'I never quite realized what it meant until one night when I was playing an engagement at Sydney. I was a younger clerk and I had the role of a young swell who was killed in the first act by the villain whose face he had slapped. I wore evening dress, and as those were pan days

after Fifth avenue, yesterday afternoon, after she could do as an independent, half-skirted office lady in "The Show Shop" at the Hudson Theatre.

Miss Auer's contribution to the afternoon's discussion was entirely unexpected to herself and to the other women present. Mrs. H. C. Havemeyer had rubbed her as she was hurrying out of the stage door of the Hudson Theatre on her way to take a Broadway car.

"You believe in suffrage, don't you?" asked Mrs. Havemeyer. "I certainly do, with all the belief there is in me."

"Miss Auer will tell us something in my behalf," said she, "and I'll be like that alone." That being the case," said Mrs. Havemeyer, "we'll come with her right now and make a speech at the meeting this afternoon."

Miss Auer, who is a slender, young woman, can show up the humor of the anti-better than you. I don't know who it is."

Physician, changes in the Hippodrome will include the elimination of the executive offices on each side of the lobby and the conversion of this space into a large, lighted dancing hall. There is in store for those who attend in Hippodrome after a new change of policy.

BROOKLYN THEATRES

Marie Dressler, her latest Broadway success, A Broadway Beauty, is opening at the Brooklyn Theatre this week before the play begins a tour of the country. Mrs. Dressler, supported by a competent cast, has the original company which appeared with her recently at the Theatre. The play is a comedy, and is a same much proving Dressler's ability to be gotten and A Broadway Beauty is one of her best vehicles.

The official biographer of the actress in "Experience" has prepared the following account of one of the important scenes in the picture:

"And so I reported for rehearsal. I can play one of the parts in a new play called 'Experience,' which I am about to produce."

She sits there, hands folded, talking along in the same monotone she employs on the stage, hardly a muscle in her face moving at a change of expression.

An instance of devotion to the cause of the theatre.

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vaudeville stage. She immediately obtained her husband's consent to resume for a short time her theatrical career, and cancelling plans made for

In the brilliant bouquet of feminine pulchritude seen in William Elliott's production of "Experience" at the Casino Theatre, there is none more interesting than a young French actress, Aba de Anchoviz, who plays the dramatic role of the cocaine fiend, *Habit*, in the scene which is billed as the House of Lost Souls.

"This is the first visit of Mile de Anchoviz to the United States and she owes her present engagement to the fact that she met Mr. Elliott at Deauville last summer. She was acting in Paris at the Theatre Michel when the war broke out and sooner than remain in Paris during the troublous times she went first to England and then managed to reach Montreal, where one had told her that Montreal was a French city and that she would be sure of a splendid engagement there, but when she reached the Canadian metropolis she found that she was wrong. There was more of a patois and certainly unlike the Parisian French to which she had been accustomed.

"And so I came to New York, a perfect stranger to your city and your customs," said Mile de Anchoviz, speaking English with just a trace of a foreign accent. "And there, who should I meet one day at luncheon in one of your cafes but Mr. Elliott. The last time I had seen him was across the roulette table at the Casino at Deauville in June. Ah, it was like meeting an old friend. He was the only person I knew in all New York. I told him I must seek an engagement, and he replied, 'Perhaps you

but they didn't know what role to give me,' said Mile de Anchoviz. "And he said, 'She is dramatic, she has force, she has strength. Make her play the big scene in the resort of the dope fiends. Give her the part of the woman who screams for more cocaine. She will do it well.'"

These details are no less interesting from the fact that Mile de Anchoviz acted a year ago in New York with a French company of actors.

"I resigned a position with a musical comedy company," said Elizabeth King, of which Your reporter was the two day a Mr. King and I arranged our act, rehearsed it and were ready to go on at a moment's notice. The first week's booking was at a theatre in Yonkers, where the orchestra was very good. We were appalled to learn, consisted of a quartet of musicians. With the idea of appearing in only the largest houses of the country we had all of our numbers orchestrated for at least a dozen theatres, and the numbers were of a kind that were calculated to 'get over' only if played by a fairly numerous band.

"We sought the house manager, who finally agreed to hire another musician providing we would hire one. That's how I adopted a cello player."

"The man we hired possessed an artistic temperament. To get him to go to Yonkers at all we had to send a taxicab to his lodgings for him every afternoon and send him home in the same fashion after each night performance. He was a very sensitive person, so that Alice and I went to and came from the theatre in the subway."

"At the end of the week we bade the cello player good-by and went to Baltimore. Monday afternoon he ap-

peared at our business arrangements with him and that he was entitled to his week's work. We paid him another week for a week, he remained in Baltimore enjoying himself, they did not need him in the theatre orchestra."

"On Monday he showed up in Washington with a pitiful story about his ailing family and we gave him another week for a week. When he returned to New York he either called at my hotel or rang me up every day. Convinced that he had made up his mind to associate himself permanently with the theatre, we hastily arranged a booking in Chicago and he was departed. Several weeks later in St. Louis I received a letter from him. He wrote at length concerning the ingratitude we had displayed toward him, but ended by forgiving us and saying that he would be glad to see the error of our ways and send him railroad fare to join us."

Beatrice Herford of the delightful monologue is at last going to vanderbilt where she will be seen next week at the Colonial Theatre. Perhaps it was for that reason she imparted these interesting facts to Walter Kinsley when asked how she got her monologues.

"Oh, I got a hint here, see a funny expression and made it up. I got it up," she repeated calmly. "You fancy to. Life is rarely sustenance funny or sad, or tragic. The bit I did on the employment bureau was written before I ever stepped into one. How could I have known that I had had read and heard my friends say, 'When I came to go to one it was pretty much as I had imagined. That was after I was married. Before I hadn't had occasion to go to one.'"

At a certain employment bureau where I've come to become known since my sketch on this phase of American domestic life became public. I have been asked to interview the servants not infrequently else away when I appear. They are loath to have their conversation utilized for material and regard me very much askance. It was there that I once had a conversation with a French maid who is laced my tale of the trial and found wanting applicant for a servant. I occupied the position of would-be employer. I, like the lady of my sketch had been looking for a prospective employer as well.

"As I interviewed the next one, who wanted exorbitant wages and was obviously impossible, a thought flashed through my tired head. She stood before me, a French maid, and I was of my questions, unsatisfactorily, though she did not know it.

"And now? I said, gently. Do you ask you one more question. Let me play the piano?" Her eyes opened widely. No, she did not. Oh, I'm expiring, I'm expiring at the very thought of it. I'm afraid you won't do. You see I take singing lessons and my maid must be able to accompany me during the day. No, I couldn't think of having a maid who couldn't accompany my singing. I'm afraid you won't do. I thought she flushed, "There was a group of girls all waiting to see the lady who must have a girl who could play the piano so she could accompany her singing. I fear I derived considerable

of woman suffrage is being shown by Lillian Abertson, who is to appear at the Colonial Theatre next week in a new playlet entitled "Jure." Only a few scenes of Miss Abertson's play, one of Broadway's leading women, seeing her most important successes in "Bad in Paris" and "The Tallent." At that time she became the wife of A. J. Levy, a Wall Street man, and she was so much in love with him that Levy relinquished her theatrical life she did not in any degree allow her ardor for the suffragist cause to cool. Her activities in this direction have ranged from talks in exclusive Fifth Avenue circles to an interest in the methods of street corner campaigning with a soap box for a podium. Now, in her return to the stage, comes the climax of her devotion to the cause. Practically every adherent of the cause, who has been in the city is firmly convinced that men are the laws of New York State are so constructed that men have greater privileges than do the women. A short time ago this condition was brought before the members of the Woman Suffrage Party at a meeting held at 48 East Thirty-fourth street, with which Miss Abertson is allied, through the operation of an alleged unfair law against one of its members. The case in question has to do with the custom of giving a husband a vote of which was given to the husband without notice to the wife. Considerable indignation was aroused in the party and among the developments was the writing of a dramatic playlet, based upon the case, by a well known woman dramatist.

The sketch was read by Miss Abertson, who saw the possibilities of spreading the gospel of votes for women in its presentation upon the

Visit to Palm Beach devoted her time and money to the preparation of the sketch for production. In a few days, dramatic men are to meet at the approval of the United Booking offices.

"When a woman talks about wanting to vote, some one generally wants to know about the ride, shoving her head in, and so on, and so on, to meet at the polls. Well, for the average woman, who has to cling to a strap twice every day on her way uptown and downtown, that prospect does not seem very fearful. She has the same, draught men as in the street, she can get on perfectly manage to do it."

Miss Aug expressed this opinion at a meeting of the Women's Political Union held at the Suffrage Shop, 401 Fifth avenue, yesterday afternoon, after she had finished demonstrating as an actress in the playlet, "The hard working old lady in 'The Show Shop' at the Hudson Theatre."

Miss Aug's contribution to the afternoon's discussion was entirely unexpected to herself and to the other women present. Mrs. H. C. Havermeier, who is the wife of the well known lawyer, who is now busy turning out of the stage door of the Hudson Theatre on her way to take a Broadway car.

"You believe in suffrage, don't you?" asked Mrs. Havermeier. "Certainly, don't you, with all the belief there is in me. I believe in it. I believe in it as much as in my pocket, I believe in it as much as in my pocket. That being the case," said Mrs. Havermeier, "we'll come with us right now and make a speech at the meeting this afternoon. There is a lot of work to be done. I can show up the humor of the anti-better than you, I don't know who is."